

MR. FAVERSHAM AS "HEROD"

A FINE PRODUCTION OF THE
POETICAL DRAMA.Stephen Phillips Play Produced at the
Lyric-Julie Opp as "Marianne"
Helen Tracy and Olive Oliver as the
Mother and Sister of the King.

It is creditable to William Faversham's ambitions as an actor-manager that he produced Stephen Phillips' "Herod" at the Lyric Theatre last night in such worthy fashion. So far the New York public has shown little sympathy for the plays of the English poet, which are known to students of the drama and lovers of poetry but remain strange to those who might have been expected to make their acquaintance in the theatre. Charles Frohman introduced the dramatist here with "Ulysses," which was dismissed without a hearing, while H. B. Irving's performance of "Paola and Francesco" created scarcely a ripple in the dramatic waters that flow through West Forty-second street.

With such previous indifference to the work of a dramatist who has been called the greatest poet in his own tongue writing for the stage to-day, Mr. Faversham deserves praise for attempting to interest the public in such a play, and the liberality with which he has set out to realize its spectacular demands makes his right to popular success much greater. Last night the audience rewarded his ambition with every sign of approval.

This is neither the time nor place to urge the claims of Stephen Phillips as a poetic dramatist, for his fame has been established since Beerholm Tree introduced eight years ago in London the drama in which Mr. Faversham appeared last night. The episodes with which the drama deals are partly historical, although the action moves in the realm of the poetic drama throughout. The vacillating, unscrupulous, sensual tetrarch is the dominating figure in the tragedy which plays in a courtyard of his palace. The moving incidents in the drama are the murder, at his command, of the beloved high priest Aristobulus and the execution of his wife, who is in this case Marianne. He is shown at the opening of the play preparing to leave Jerusalem to offer in person his friendship to the victorious Octavian and simultaneously leaving secret instructions for the murder of his brother-in-law, Aristobulus, later repudiated by his wife, who has learned of this act of treachery, and when she has declared he may never see her again listening to the insinuations of his mother and sister that she had tried to poison him.

He lacks the courage at first to further the plot against her, but when the people are threatening under the thought of the high priest's death Herod weakly allows her to be killed. The final act shows him living in the delusion that Marianne is still alive and encouraged in this belief by his courtiers until he demands that her body be brought to him.

That Mr. Phillips has told this story with his accustomed poetic beauty and power has made the drama one of the notable literary contributions to the contemporary stage. Present consideration of the work is concerned only with the manner of the drama's performance last night and its effect on the large audience that gathered to hear it.

That the spectators found in the somewhat diffuse action of the tragedy the same delight that the music of its language afforded them it would be impossible to assert. The two figures of the play that seemed to come straight from the students of melodrama were Cypros, the mother of Herod, and Salome, his sister. Their plottings against Marianne, their entrances on the scene and their participation in the progress of the play had the nature of the most ingenious dramatist.

Olive Oliver, as Salome, was perhaps the most distinguished figure in the performance, for her subtlety of action and her sinuous grace added their value to every scene in which she appeared. Helen Tracy brought her artistic judgment and sound training to the interpretation of the mother. Yet no skill in the acting of these roles could mitigate their mechanical effect on the audience.

A fine sense of pictorial effect guided both the performance of Mr. Faversham as Herod and Julie Opp as Marianne. Miss Opp in particular wore her striking draperies with a suggestion of truly regal dignity and her poses were invariably plastic and significant. In every external symbol her performance, as well as Mr. Faversham's, although he did not seem to possess the monarchical bearing in its fullest measure—met every reasonable demand. It was in the deeper phases of interpretation that the drama failed to reveal all that the dramatist had put into the two characters.

There seemed depths in both the emotions of Herod and Marianne that were not divulged last night. The music of the drama, although it was a source of delight, so that one may be captious in demanding the vitalizing note of passion that seemed so frequently absent last night. And so often did the music of Phillips' verse cry the same note of exaltation and inspiration in its delivery.

Mr. Faversham's honors last night included the excellent paper that he had selected. Cooper Cliffe's mature art showed in the part of Gadara, a chief councillor and early A. D. Polonius. Hylton Allen played the brief scenes of Aristobulus with the right touch of youthful ecstasy, and Burton Churchill made Salome, the Gaul, sufficiently brusque and straightforward to contrast with his surroundings. The uncommonly numerous supernumeraries were trained to appropriate expressiveness, and the constant murmur of discord and rebellion which accompany the progress of the drama did not grow so monotonous as they might readily have become. Coleridge Taylor's music received an equally appropriate accompaniment to the scenes. Mr. Faversham's triumph was rewarded by the audience, an unusually intelligent and cultivated one—which compelled him to accept its expressions of gratitude at the close of the play.

THE COLLIN ARMSTRONG SALE.

Some Good Prices Realized—Last Session to Be Held To-day.

The auction sale of the Collin Armstrong library was resumed yesterday afternoon and evening at the rooms of the Anderson Auction Company, 12 East Forty-sixth street. The library comprises about 5,000 volumes, and the first part of it was disposed of on October 19 and 20. Some fairly high prices were registered yesterday.

Some of the more important sales were an Illuminated Manuscript, probably written in northern France, in Gothic letter, sold to G. Weis for \$120; The Novels and Tales of Henry James, in twenty-four volumes, sold to Charles Scribner's Sons for \$22; Liber Scriptum of the Author's Club (the first book of the Author's Club), sold to W. B. E. for \$88; The Works of John Milton, in twelve volumes, sold to the same party for \$100; and the first part of it was disposed of on October 19 and 20. Some fairly high prices were registered yesterday.

The remaining volumes of Mr. Armstrong's library will be sold this afternoon and evening.

Black Opal

Black opal is not really black. It is a dark stone, through which vivid colors play as lightning glows and fades in a summer cloud. We have introduced this unique gem to the public in its most perfect forms and most brilliant colorings. The only perfect examples of Black Opal are found in the mines of Lightning Ridge, New South Wales, and the choicest of these we present to the public.

A Black Opal with its rare beauty in a special mounting of our designing makes an ideal gift.

Marcus & Co.

Jewelers and Goldsmiths,
5th Avenue cor. 45th Street, New York

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The publication of the Memorial Edition of the Works of George Meredith will begin in this country probably in November and simultaneously with the publication in England. The American edition, which will be brought out by Scribner's, will include from twenty-five to twenty-seven volumes. The illustrations will comprise reproductions of many of the original illustrations made by such artists as Millais, Du Maurier, Sandys and others. They will also include a picture of the house in which Mr. Meredith lived in the early years of his literary activity, a number of portraits taken at different periods of his life and pictures from scenes associated by the author with his novels and poems. The unpublished novel "Celt and Saxon," an unpublished comedy, "The Sentimentalists," and several incomplete manuscripts, critical reviews and articles as well as all the poetry with regard to the publication of which he left instructions will be brought out. The edition will be printed from new type and sold by subscription.

In the late '80s Rudyard Kipling was writing "turnovers" for a journal in India. A "turnover" is a text, article, story or verse which begins on one column and turns over to the next. The bit of advertising place was considered in these India journals the top of the column which practically broke into the tale of the turnover. Kipling was accustomed to dash off these turnovers at the last moment before going to press, and some of them were actually written on the makeup stone to fit a space as the forms were being locked. The best of them were long ago revised, rearranged and put into his books. Those Mr. Kipling himself rejected have been made up recently into a book and published without Mr. Kipling's knowledge under the title of "Afloat the Funnel." Since the volume has appeared Mr. Kipling's regular publishers have consulted with the author by cable and have undertaken to publish these Kipling sketches in an authorized edition and in an inexpensive form. Readers who are interested in what may be called the Kipling Sketches of Boz may compare them with his latest work, which also appears this season under the title of "Actions and Reactions."

"The Gateways of Literature," an article which Brander Matthews will contribute to the November North American Review, will be of special interest to students of literature. "Of all the liberal arts literature is the oldest," writes Prof. Matthews, "as it is the most immediate in its utility and the broadest in its appeal. . . . It may be called the most significant of the arts because every one of us before we can adjust ourselves to the social order in which we have to live must understand the prejudices and desires of others and also the opinions these others hold about the world wherein we dwell. . . . It gives us not only knowledge, but wisdom; and thereby it helps to free us from vain imaginings as to our importance. Ignorance is always in the mind, since it never knows that it knows nothing; and even knowledge may be puffed up on occasion since it knows that it knows many things; but wisdom is devoid of illusion since it knows how little it ever can know."

The basis of Henry van Dyke's forthcoming book "The Spirit of America" is the material used in the lectures which the author delivered when exchange professor at the Sorbonne in France. There the book has appeared in translation; it has been favorably received. "The Spirit of America" will be published in this country some time next month.

Eben Phillips has a new novel among the week's publications which will be called "The Haven." The breath of the sea fills the story and the descriptions of the village of Brixham and the accounts of the life of its inhabitants remind of Mr. Phillips' previous novels.

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor will contribute another volume of reminiscences to the season's publications. In her former book, "Reminiscences of Peace and War," she dealt principally with the events of the civil war. Her forthcoming book, "My Day: Reminiscences of a Long Life," passes rather hurriedly over those four years of suffering and hardship and deals with the later events of the writer's career. After the Army of the Potomac marched in triumph past the windows of her house in captured Petersburg and the Confederacy vanished in defeat Judge Pryor, ruined financially and broken in health, came to New York to build up for himself in an unfriendly city a new career and to make a new home for his wife and children. Mrs. Pryor played in this work, the customs and manners of a bygone day, are among the interesting features of the book, which will be published this month.

The name of Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, is a guarantee of sincerity and authority to any philanthropic work. In "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets," the new book which she publishes this week, she has written of how to keep boys and girls off the street. The street is a more powerful school than the ordinary school, and its lessons far less desirable.

Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd's forthcoming book will be concerned with "The Personal Conduct of Belinda." Mrs. Brainerd has bought a farm on the Connecticut River, where she will work out for herself the problems of country life and no doubt acquire material for entertaining books on this subject which is now engrossing the attention of people of all professions and circumstances. "The

broadsword front" aspiration of city dwellings has changed to a kitchenette apartment for winter and a country home of one's own for summer. The tide of desire is turning "back to the land" and opera house subscription seats are sacrificed to garden seeds and hills.

"Candles in the Wind," Maud Diver's new story to be published soon, is the last of a series of East Indian romances begun by "Captain Desmond, V. C." and carried through "The Great Amulet." Readers of Mrs. Diver's former romances will find several old friends in the present story, including Col. Eldred Lenox and his wife, Quita. The story is divided into four parts, "The Angel of the Flaming Sword," "The Strength of the Hills," "The Abyssal Strip" and "The Gate of Dawn."

Miss May Sinclair's latest novel, "The Creators," a Comedy, begins its serial publication in the November Century and will continue through the magazine year. It is Sinclair's first notable novel. "The Divine Fire"—published ten years after she began writing—had a far greater success in this country than in England. "The Creators" are the artist and writer folk of London among whom this demure little lady has lived and worked.

"Some one once said that there are only twelve good stories in the world, and not one of them can be told in the presence of women. But here is a woman who tells them all to men." In this manner Clement Shorter sums up the "Recollected" by the Countess of Cardigan. The Countess, he further informs us, is in her eighty-fifth year, and fortunately most of the people of whom she writes are dead. "As a rule," he continues, "old ladies of eighty-five do not write books. Has some friend or companion of Lady Cardigan taken down her gossip through a number of years and made it into a book, or was this lady really able to sit at a desk and write and write until she had accomplished these 180 pages of scandal? As playful gossip worked up by some youthful Boswell they are well enough. These stories told of people whose families are still flourishing might have come direct from the pages of 'Boccaccio.'"

The difference in literary taste in England and America is curiously demonstrated in the title of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel as arranged for each country. In America the story will be called "Lady Merton" and in England it will be entitled "Canadian Born." To give to the democratic Americans a suggestion of English aristocracy and to suggest to the conventional English readers a taste of the picturesque life which they believe to be found in the wilds of Canada is a clever invention of a very clever woman. The story will be published serially in magazines in both countries before it appears as a book. In the same manner Mrs. Ward gave to her previous story the name of "Marriage à la Mode," for the sensation loving American public and the noncommittal title of "Daphne" for the English story readers.

"Is it not a lost art—the art of idling?" says a writer in the Academy. "Nowadays we take our pleasures, not sadly, as the Englishman was said to do, but humbly, and we take them incessantly. Solitude is the bugbear of our existence. We fear to be alone, to come face to face with ourselves and to think. After our work we take a holiday; after our holiday we need a rest. . . . To escape the trouble of thinking many of us have become gluttons of print. We devour newspapers with our breakfast and our lunch. . . . The clothing of the mind, as of the body, must needs be up to date, neither too original nor too archaic. The man who 'thinks for himself' lays himself open to a charge of 'peculiarity' and 'peculiarity' is an impertinent suggestion of superiority which is beyond forgiveness. . . . May we realize that our haste and hurry is futile and that when we have banished that 'unrest which men miscall delight' we have taken the first step toward contentment."

LINA CAVALIERI HERE.

First of Hammerstein Stars to Reach America.

Miss Lina Cavalieri is the first of the stars of Mr. Hammerstein's regular grand opera season to arrive from Europe. She was on board the Kronprinz Wilhelm yesterday. She is stopping at the Savoy Hotel.

"After the close of my brief engagement at the Manhattan Opera House last winter," said Miss Cavalieri, "I went directly to St. Petersburg, where I sang at the Imperial Opera for nearly two months, appearing in 'Thais,' 'Faust,' 'Tosca' and 'Bohème.' I then went to Paris where I sang 'Thais' at the Grand Opera five times. The press was very flattering to me and the public must have been pleased, as the house was filled every time I was announced. Since then I devoted my entire summer to study for the coming season with Mr. Hammerstein. I am delighted to think that I make my debut as Salome in 'Herodiade' on the opening night of the season."

"By the way—my voice has developed considerably in volume. M. Jean de Reszke, with whom I did some work recently, told me that he would never have believed it could have grown as it has. I got a lot of splendid ideas from him, which have been a great help to me in my study. I have also fitted myself for the rôle of Lulù in Richard Strauss's 'Fouersang,' which will be one of Mr. Hammerstein's novelties. I have been preparing myself to appear in 'Carmen' and I have my own notions about how the part should be played. They may be right and they may be wrong, but I hope to let the public judge before very long. Among other operas that I have acquired I may mention 'Belle Helene,' which will be one of the features of Mr. Hammerstein's opera omique."

STOPPED BUSINESS INVASION

GEORGE F. BAKER, JR., BUYS A BUILDING PARTLY ERECTED.

Twenty Story Office Structure on Madison Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street to Give Way to Two Residences—It Cost Him Nearly a Million to Do It.

The bitter struggle made by the Vanderbilt to prevent the encroachment of trade upon the residential neighborhood of upper Fifth avenue is now being duplicated in Murray Hill, where for some time past property owners have been fighting to halt the northward migration of business along Madison avenue at Thirty-fourth street.

Yesterday the property owners gained an important point. George F. Baker, Jr., vice-president of the First National Bank, bought the northwest corner of Madison avenue and Thirty-eighth street, a plot 74.4 by 100 feet in size, on which the steel work of a proposed twenty story office building was rising. This office building, if completed, would have been the first structure of its kind to invade the Murray Hill colony. The site it occupies immediately adjoins the residence of George F. Baker, Sr., president of the First National Bank, and overlooks the extensive holdings of J. P. Morgan situated one block further south. Just below are the homes of E. H. Weatherly and Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer.

The Thirty-eighth street corner has an interesting history. It was the site of an old Allston apartment house stood there in 1906 the Century Realty Company bought the Allston, held it for a few months and then sold it to the Century Company, a subsidiary concern. Two years later—July 5, 1909, to be exact—the corner was transferred to the 250 Madison Avenue Company, which was controlled by Frederick Johnson, a well known builder and real estate operator.

Johnson announced that he intended to tear down the Allston and erect a twelve story apartment house on the site. The neighbors objected and threatened to appeal to the courts for the enforcement of the old Murray Hill restriction which provided that no building other than a private residence could be erected on Madison avenue between Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets. Johnson assured them that the apartment house he proposed to erect would be of a high class type and would be quite unobjectionable. Thereupon the opposition died out.

Nothing more was heard of the apartment house project, however, until July, 1909. Then Johnson gave notice that he had abandoned the plan of building an apartment house and that he would erect a twenty story business building instead. All Murray Hill rose to register its protest.

The opposition went unheeded. Johnson had detailed plans of his proposed office building drawn up and filed with the Department of Buildings. He tore down the Allston, excavated the site and let contracts for the erection of the new edifice. The steel work is partially erected. The neighbors made a great deal of verbal objection, but failed to initiate any legal proceedings that would tie up the work.

Then George F. Baker, Jr., took a hand in the game. He went to Johnson and asked him to sell out. Johnson named his figure. It was a very substantial figure, not much short of \$1,000,000. Baker bought it at the price demanded. Four months ago, it may not be irrelevant to add, this same corner was sold for \$300,000.

Now Mr. Baker announces that two private residences will be built where the twenty story office building was intended to rise.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Louis Mann to Produce a Play From the German—Elsie Ferguson Ill.

The most important act in "Idols," the dramatic version of William Locke's novel, which is to open at the Bijou Theatre Monday night, is laid in the criminal court of the Old Bailey in London. During the act a criminal trial, in which the hero of the play is tried for his life on a charge of murder, takes place.

The box office at the Bijou Theatre, Central Park West, and Sixty-second street, has opened for the sale of tickets. Seats may now be bought for all performances for the first two weeks. The theatre will open on November 5 with "Antony and Cleopatra."

Gustav Amberg, the former director of the Irving Play Theatre and the present representative of the Shubert in Berlin and Vienna, arrived in New York yesterday aboard the Kronprinz Wilhelm. Mr. Amberg will stay in this country for several weeks to complete negotiations relative to plays the manuscripts of which he has brought with him from the other side. In addition to dramatic works, Mr. Amberg also brings with him the options for a number of the successful musical offerings.

Riccardo Martin, Tenor, Returns.

Riccardo Martin, the American tenor, and his wife arrived last night from Genoa by the North German Lloyd liner Berlin. Mr. Martin has been studying in Florence several new rôles in which he will be heard at the Metropolitan Opera House. There were also aboard the Berlin, Rodolfo Angelini-Fornari, Attilio Puletti, José Madrones, Giuseppe Perini, Luigi Tavecchio and Ed. Ligati, all singers who will appear with the Boston Opera Company.

Opening the Town House

LEWIS & CONGER

House Furnishing Warehouses

Established 1835

Every Utensil and Material for

House Cleaning

and Renovating

Brooms, Brushes, Dusters, Chamels,

Pails, Cleansers and Polishes for

Floors, Furniture, Glass

and Metal

Carpet Sweepers, Cleaning Cloths and

Material, etc., etc.

LEWIS & CONGER

170 E. 12th Street, New York

MR. WERRENATH'S RECITAL.

A Young Barytone Who Gives Promise for the Future.

At Mendelssohn Hall last evening Reinold Werrenath gave a song recital which ought to have been heard by a larger audience. Mr. Werrenath is a young man, and if he perseveres his time will come. In the first place he has the voice. It is a barytone of good range, a fine natural sonority, which has been carefully nurtured, and a delightful quality. In the second place he has a good ear, and he has learned how to make his voice answer its demands. He sings in tune, which is something that cannot be said of every aspirant for lyric honors. If this were all it would still be enough to enable Mr. Werrenath to give a considerable amount of pleasure. But he has also learned to phrase well and to utilize head tones and mezzo voce. His singing, therefore, has variety of color. These gifts and accomplishments are backed by taste, which, if not invariably correct, is generally thoughtful in intent.

Mr. Werrenath studies his songs thoroughly and delivers them with well prepared plan. He interprets with sentiment and elegance, if not always with depth of feeling. A tendency to rhetorical overemphasis marred some of his songs last night, and at times he permitted himself to force his low tones. But on the whole his singing was that of a young man of promise.

His programme began with the familiar "Lungi del caro bene," which was followed by the inevitable Handel aria, but not one of the bravura type. Schumann, Franz and Wolf furnished the next group, which was followed by four songs of Grieg sung with the original text. Five songs by Harriet Ware were accompanied by the composer. The last group comprised songs by Kurt Schindler, Busch, Hawley, Hilton-Turvey and Damschro's personal "Danny Deever." The audience was liberal with its applause, which was fairly earned.

HERE TO DANCE.

Ivy Craske of the Metropolitan Greeted by Superlatives.

The youngest and the handsomest premiere ballet dancer in the world is what the press agent calls Miss Ivy Craske, and this time, according to the consensus of critics aboard the North German Lloyd liner Kronprinz Wilhelm, in last night, he has been modest.

Miss Ivy is seventeen, with a peachblow complexion all her own, lips that would be marred by the brush, sparkling blue eyes, and features that are regular and in the fairest of the Greek women modelled in marble. Miss Craske is accompanied by her big sister, who shooed away the young men who wanted to spark her. She will appear at the Metropolitan, meanwhile living at the home of her uncle, E. W. Tapson, a Londoner in business here. She has been startling audiences at the Empire. She is a pupil of Genée, and has been dancing since she was ten years of age.

Barber—Fallon. The marriage of Dr. Walter L. Barber, Jr., of Waterbury, Conn., and Miss Margaret Oltman Fallon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Fallon of this city, was celebrated at a cocktail last night at the residence of the bride's uncle, H. H. Oltman, 60 East Fifty-fifth street. The Rev. Father William B. Martin of St. Patrick's Cathedral performed the ceremony. Miss Nancy Coughtry was the maid of honor and only attendant. Dr. B. B. Lyon of Philadelphia was the best man and the ushers were Alfred L. Hart, Leavenworth P. Sperry of Waterbury, Conn., Dr. H. Leary Peters of St. John, N. B., and Dr. Edward G. Spaulding of Charleston, S. C. A reception followed the ceremony.

Kramm—Hastings.

The wedding of Frank J. Kramm and Miss Sarah Walton Hastings, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings of 115 East Eighty-sixth street, took place at 8:30 o'clock last night at the Church of the Beloved Disciple, Madison avenue and Eighty-ninth street. The Rev. Dr. H. M. Barbour, rector of the church, performed the ceremony. Place the bride were Miss Isabel Kramm, a sister of the bridegroom; Miss Eleanor Hastings and Miss May J. Brockmann. Edward Kramm, a brother of the bridegroom, was the best man and the ushers were Harold and William Hastings.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The Great Novel of the Year

An eventful and tumultuous story.—N. Y. Times.

The SILVER HORDE

A New Novel

By REX BEACH

Neither Kipling nor Zola has created a more human adventures—Cherry Malotte, a soldier of the frontier!—Portland Oregonian, Sept. 26.

Tempestuous story of fortune and love.—Brooklyn Eagle, Sept. 25.

"Not a dull page" literally true.—Toronto Globe, Sept. 25.

Holds the reader breathless.—Philadelphia Ledger, Sept. 19.

Beach at his best.—Rochester Union, Sept. 25.

The account of the hero's desperate struggle across the pass and back to civilization is one of the best. . . . timely reading in these days of polar exploration.—Springfield Republican, Sept. 26.

By far Mr. Beach's best story.—Rochester Herald, Oct. 2.

Beach's best romance . . . never a break in the narrative, never a slackening of interest.—San Francisco Chronicle, Sept. 26.

One is never disappointed.—New York World, Sept. 18.

A fine and valuable novel.—San Francisco Argonaut, Sept. 25.

The account of the hero's desperate struggle across the pass and back to civilization is one of the best. . . . timely reading in these days of polar exploration.—Springfield Republican, Sept. 26.

By far Mr. Beach's best story.—Rochester Herald, Oct. 2.

Beach's best romance . . . never a break in the narrative, never a slackening of interest.—San Francisco Chronicle, Sept. 26.

One is never disappointed.—New York World, Sept. 18.

A fine and valuable novel.—San Francisco Argonaut, Sept. 25.

The account of the hero's desperate struggle across the pass and back to civilization is one of the best. . . . timely reading in these days of polar exploration.—Springfield Republican, Sept. 26.

By far Mr. Beach's best story.—Rochester Herald, Oct. 2.

Beach's best romance . . . never a break in the narrative, never a slackening of interest.—San Francisco Chronicle, Sept. 26.

One is never disappointed.—New York World, Sept. 18.

A fine and valuable novel.—San Francisco Argonaut, Sept. 25.

The account of the hero's desperate struggle across the pass and back to civilization is one of the best. . . . timely reading in these days of polar exploration.—Springfield Republican, Sept. 26.

By far Mr. Beach's best story.—Rochester Herald, Oct. 2.

Beach's best romance . . . never a break in the narrative, never a slackening of interest.—San Francisco Chronicle, Sept. 26.

One is never disappointed.—New York World, Sept. 18.

A fine and valuable novel.—San Francisco Argonaut, Sept. 25.

The account of the hero's desperate struggle across the pass and back to civilization is one of the best. . . . timely reading in these days of polar exploration.—Springfield Republican, Sept. 26.

By far Mr. Beach's best story.—Rochester Herald, Oct. 2.

Beach's best romance . . . never a break in the narrative, never a slackening of interest.—San Francisco Chronicle, Sept. 26.

One is never disappointed.—New York World, Sept. 18.

A fine and valuable novel.—San Francisco Argonaut, Sept. 25.

The account of the hero's desperate struggle across the pass and back to civilization is one of the best. . . . timely reading in these days of polar exploration.—Springfield Republican, Sept. 26.

By far